In Remembrance

Of the Boys Who Fought
to Maintain

"One Flag, One Country and One People"

E 601
.R66
Copy 2

1861 to 1865

A. J. Robinson, Private, Company E, 33d Wisconsin Vol. Infantry

Copyright, 1912, by A. J. Robinson

A Glimpse of Camp Life.

Memorandum and Anecdotes of the Civil War.

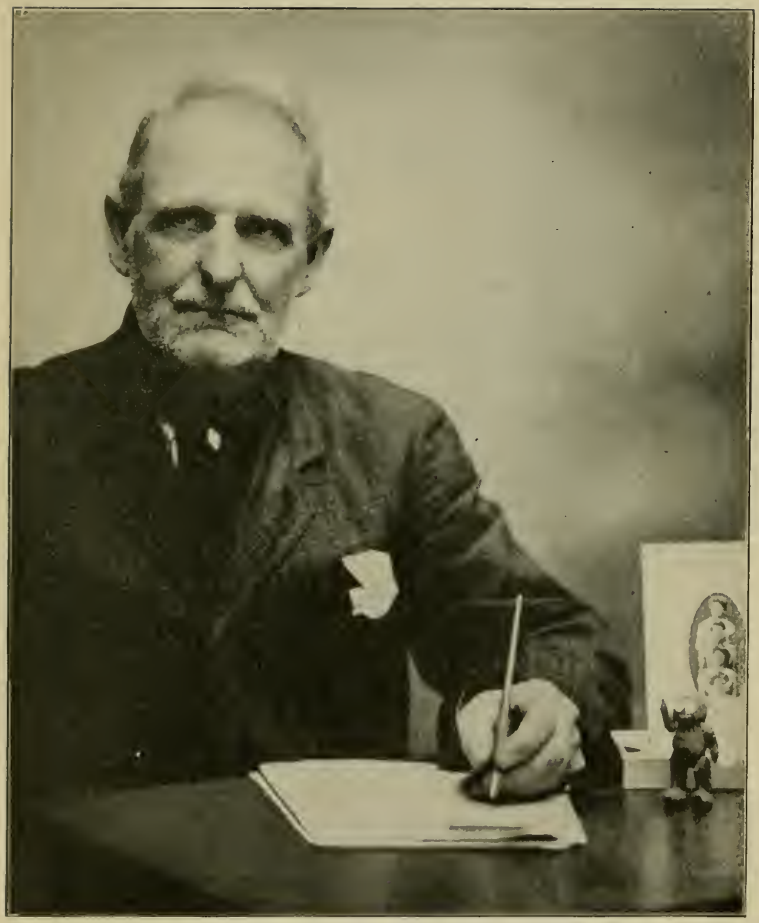
1862 to 1865

By ARTHUR J. ROBINSON
A Private, Co. E, 33d Reg. Wis. Vols.

COPYRIGHT 1910
BY A. J. ROBINSON

FACSIMILE OF DISCHARGE
Arthur J. Robinson, Co. E, 33d Reg. Wis. Vols.

© Cl. A 320298



ARTHUR J. ROBINSON
A Private, Co. E, 33d Reg. Wis. Vols.

THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS.

Remarks at the Dedication of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, November 19, 1863.

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people and for the people shall not perish from the earth.

PREFACE.

Dear Readers: In writing this little book, I have endeavored to make it as interesting as possible without any false coloring. It is made up from memoranda that I kept during my service of three years in the Civil War, and is an accurate description of the marches and campaigns in which I was a participant.

I have enlarged from memory, brought vividly to mind in perusing my memoranda, and have related anecdotes that actually came under my observation. I now submit it to your perusal, hoping that it may meet with your approbation. I am,

Most respectfully yours,

ARTHUR J. ROBINSON,

Co. E, 33d Regt., Wis. Vols.

BIOGRAPHY OF BOYHOOD DAYS.

On the morning of the 25th of March, 1845, I was ushered into this world, as I have often been informed by my dear mother, who ought to know, and in whom I have always had great confidence and respect. It was a cold, blustering March morning. Father had started out for the doctor, first going to a near neighbor's, a Mrs. Osburn, and procuring her service until he should return. The doctor lived in the village of Black River, Wood County, Ohio, a distance of about four miles, which distance father had to walk, making a delay of several hours in his return.

On father's return, accompanied by the doctor, I was presented to my father by Mrs. Osburn with the ejaculation, "Nort, it's a boy!" Well, there was considerable confusion and bustle for several minutes. I was weighed with the old-fashioned balance and broke the beam at eight pounds avoirdupois.

The doctor had attended to my mother, matters had quieted down to normal conditions, and I, the first born, a boy, was peacefully slumbering on my dear mother's breast. The doctor had taken his departure for the village and announced my arrival to the editor of the Black River Eagle, and the news was heralded to its readers: "Born—A boy, to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Norton Robinson. Father and mother both doing well." I was a healthy, hardy lad at eight years, when father concluded to move to Sevill, Medina County, Ohio, where father worked at his trade as a carpenter and I was entered at school.

In the intervening years there were two brothers born, Hiram N., two years younger than I, and Edgar L., five years my junior. With three healthy, hearty lads, mother was taxed to her full strength and was failing in health, and father was forced to seek another climate for the benefit of mother and place his boys where they could assist him in the struggle for the support of his family. In March, 1855, we moved to Wisconsin, first locating at Hartford, where we remained one year, then moved to Orfordville, Rock County, where we lived continuously until the breaking out of the Civil War.

Mother had improved in health and there had been two other additions to the family—two sisters, Estella, born 1857, and Lottie, born 1859. Father had rented a farm in the spring of 1857, and I, a boy of 13 years of age, was made a full hand and did the greater part of the spring work, while father worked at his trade. We followed farming until the spring of 1859, when I was hired out to a Mr. Lamont on a farm and father worked at his trade. We worked until the spring of 1861, when the war agitation was rife and the country enthused with patriotism. In April, 1861, father enlisted in the 7th Wisconsin Volunteers, of which regiment his brother, W. W. Robinson, was lieutenant-colonel, and father was appointed quartermaster sergeant. Father

remained with his regiment until May, 1862, when he was sent home on recruiting service, after being ruptured by a fall from his horse at the battle of Bull Run. He remained in Wisconsin until about the middle of June, when he returned to his regiment, and in July was discharged for disability and returned home. I, the eldest son, had been the mainstay of the family during father's absence in the army. Brother Hiram had caused mother considerable anxiety, and in July had run away and enlisted. He was then only 14 years old, but large for his age. He had declared his age to be 18 and had passed muster and was assigned to the 13th Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers and was about ready to be sent to the regiment when father returned and took him out.

On August 13th, 1862, Hiram ran away again and enlisted the second time. Father was put to a stress to decide what to do, and as I had been begging him to allow me to enlist, he had finally concluded that it would be best to allow me to go with Hiram. On the morning of the 15th of August, 1862, I walked to Janesville, a distance of twelve miles, and enlisted in the same company with Hiram. Father coming in on the following Saturday and signing papers giving his consent, we were both mustered into the United States Army as full-fledged soldiers.

My dear readers, the preceding pages are a biography of my early life up to the time of my enlistment in the army, and are recorded to give the reader some idea of the circumstances and conditions causing my enlistment, and I will now leave it to the reader to derive his own conclusion whether it was a pure motive of patriotism or a boy's desire for adventure that I left a comfortable home and a fond mother's care to enter the service for three long years.

COMPANY AND REGIMENTAL ORGANIZATION.

I have stated in the preceding chapter that Brother Hiram and I had enlisted and were sworn into the United States Army on the 15th day of August, 1862, at Janesville, Wisconsin. We remained at Janesville until the 1st of September and during that time our Company was recruited to 100 men, or "boys," I should have said, as our company was nearly all boys under the age of 20 years. On the 20th of August we elected our company officers.

There were eight corporals chosen, and my brother, Hiram, was the eighth, but it was only for a short time he retained his chevrons, as he was always into some mischief, for which he was reprimanded.

We were now fully organized as a company. On the 1st of September we were transported to Camp Utley, Racine, Wis., on the shore of Lake Michigan, where we were joined by other companies and organized into a regiment of 1,000 men, consisting of ten companies, and receiving our letter, E Co., 33d Regiment Wisconsin Volunteers. We remained at Camp Utley for one month, going on regimental drill and daily routine of camp duty. We drew our uniforms the first week we were at Camp Utley. No guns; doing guard duty armed with clubs and canes. Woe to the enemy who ventured too close, for he was in great danger of life and limb.

WISCONSIN THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT VOLUNTEERS.

Regimental Field Officers.

J. B. MOORE, Colonel.....Lancaster, Wis.
F. S. LOVELL, Lieut. Colonel.....Kenosha, Wis.
H. H. VIRGIN, Major.....Platteville, Wis.
WM. WARNER, Adjutant.....Shullsburg, Wis.
J. W. NICHOLS, Quartermaster.....Janesville, Wis.
J. B. WHITING, Surgeon.....Janesville, Wis.
C. R. BLACKALL, 1st Ass't Surgeon....Kenosha, Wis.
D. W. CARLEY, 2d Ass't Surgeon.....Boscobel, Wis.
A. A. OVERTON, Chaplain.....

The Rock County Plough Boys for Union or Death. Company E.

Commissioned Officers.

IRA MILTIMORE, Capt.....Janesville, Wis.
HENRY S. SWIFT, Jr., 1st Lieut.....Edgerton, Wis.
PARDON H. SWIFT, 2d Lieut.....Edgerton, Wis.

Non-Commissioned Officers.

Sergeants.

1—H. B. CORNELL.....Lima, Wis.
2—EDWARD COOK.....Porter, Wis.

3—BARTHOLEMEW QUIGLEY.....Edgerton, Wis.
4—DANIEL D. RICHARDS.....Janesville, Wis.
5—WM. CORNELL.....Lima, Wis.

Corporals.

1—S. B. CROCKER.....Lima, Wis.
2—NATHANIEL SMITH.....Lima, Wis.
3—A. H. RIME.....Plymouth, Wis.
4—THOMAS QUIGLEY.....Edgerton, Wis.
5—C. E. GREEN.....Lima, Wis.
6—C. W. NICKERSON.....Lima, Wis.
7—JAMES REESE.....Janesville, Wis.
8—JACOB SMITH.....Janesville, Wis.
ALONZO E. MILTIMORE, Fifer.....Janesville, Wis.
S. H. CALLENDER, Drummer.....Broadhead, Wis.
LEVI H. FOUNTAIN, Wagoner.....Porter, Wis.

Privates.

ANDERSON, FRANKLIN.....Lima, Wis.
BABCOCK, ADELBERT.....Lima, Wis.
BARBER, W. G. .....Lima, Wis.
BYRNES, ANTHONY.....Lima, Wis.
BYRNES, THOMAS.....Lima, Wis.
BURNHAM, RENSSELAER.....Hebron, Wis.
BUNCE, J. P. .....La Prairie, Wis.
CRAIG, OTHO.....Lima, Wis.
COFFEE, JAMES.....Edgerton, Wis.
CLIFFORD, R. W. .....Porter, Wis.
CLARK, JAMES K.....Porter, Wis.
FAIRCHILD, HENRY.....Lima, Wis.
FREEMAN, JAMES.....Lima, Wis.
FLINT, J. A. .....Lima, Wis.
FEIRO, FREDERICK.....Johnstown, Wis.
GOODELL, WOLDO.....Edgerton, Wis.
GOODMAN, JOHN.....Lima, Wis.
GALE, WILLIAM.....Lima, Wis.
GROEN, N. .....Plymouth, Wis.
HALL, JOSEPH C. .....Broadhead, Wis.
HOWARD, IRA M. .....Edgerton, Wis.
HAVILAND, NATHAN.....La Prairie, Wis.
HAUGEN, A. N. .....Plymouth, Wis.
HEHIR, PATRICK.....Janesville, Wis.
JOHNSON, J. C. .....Porter, Wis.
KENNEDY, C. A. .....Porter, Wis.

KNUDSON, INGEBRET.....Spring Valley, Wis.
LEVORSON, KNUD.....Spring Valley, Wis.
LEVORSON, HENDRICK.....Spring Valley, Wis.
LEVORSON, TOLEP.....Spring Valley, Wis.
LYON, ALEX. K. .....Edgerton, Wis.
LOOBY, CHARLES.....Lima, Wis.
LAWLER, MICHEAL.....Johnstown, Wis.
MEEGAN, J. C. .....Janesville, Wis.
MELVIN, VALENTINE.....Janesville, Wis.
McKEE, WILLIAM.....Janesville, Wis.
MEDGORDAN, H. H. .....Plymouth, Wis.
McDONALD, ALEX.....Lima, Wis.
MORY, ADAM.....Cooksville, Wis.
NOE, LEWIS.....Janesville, Wis.
NIGHT, THOMAS.....Janesville, Wis.
OLSON, OLE.....Spring Valley, Wis.
OLSON, SYVER.....Spring Valley, Wis.
OLSON, HALGRIEM.....Spring Valley, Wis.
OLSON, HENDRICK.....Plymouth, Wis.
PATCH, EMORY.....Lima, Wis.
RHODES, ORVILL.....Janesville, Wis.
ROBINSON, EDMUND.....Lima, Wis.
ROBINSON, HIRAM N. .....Spring Valley, Wis.
ROBINSON, A. J. .....Plymouth, Wis.
RIDER, BRAINERD.....Porter, Wis.
SOUTHWICK, WILLIAM.....Turtle, Wis.
STOKES, CHARLES F. .....Porter, Wis.
STEWART, R. B. .....Janesville, Wis.
SMITH, JAMES.....Porter, Wis.
STAFFORD, R. A. .....Peru, N. Y.
SUTTON, ALONZO.....Porter, Wis.
STEELE, F. A. .....Porter, Wis.
SQUIRES. E. R. .....Porter, Wis.
TEARNEY, JOHN.....Fulton, Wis.
TURNER, JAMES .....Lima, Wis.
VAN PATTEN, FRANCIS.....Porter, Wis.
WEST, JOHN.....Edgerton, Wis.
WAIT, HIRAM.....Porter, Wis.
WEAVER, WILLIAM.....Janesville, Wis.
WATT, JOHN.....Edgerton, Wis.
WILLIAMS, RIGHT.....Porter, Wis.
WHEELER, C. H. .....Fulton, Wis.
YOUNG, CHARLES.....Johnstown, Wis.

Adjutant Orderly
i i
Major Colonel Lieut. Colonel
i i i

i A i i G i i D i i F i i B iiiiii i C i i H i i E i i K i i I i
iiiiiiii iiiiiiii iiiiiiii iiiiiiii iiiiiiiiiiiiiiii iiiiiiii iiiiiiii iiiiiiii iiiiiiii

The preceding diagram is a representation of our regimental formation in line of battle.

On the 2d of October, 1862, we received orders to pack knapsacks and be ready to march to the depot at 10 a. m., where we were loaded on freight cars bound for Cairo, Ill., arriving at Cairo the morning of the 3d, where there was the "White Cloud," a Mississippi transport, awaiting us, and on which we were embarked, floating down the river at 8 a. m. Arriving at Memphis, Tenn., the morning of the 8th, we disembarked and marched out to the south suburbs of the city and camped in an old cotton field, without shelter or arms, in the enemy's country, with nothing to protect us from an attack. We dear little boys, away from home and mothers' care, were destined to put in one night at least on the cold, cold ground, with nothing to protect us but our blankets and rubber ponchos and the canopy of heaven.

On the morning of the 9th we were awakened by the sound of the reveille and lined up for roll call, to which we answered as our respective names were called, by "Here!" After roll call we were busily engaged in preparing our breakfast, which was the first meal that each individually had prepared since our enlistment. Our meals had formerly been served by a company cook, and there were some very amusing circumstances during our morning repast.

After our breakfast the orderly sergeant came around, making the detail for camp guard, and also a fatigue squad, to which Charles Steel, Ruf Stafford and I were selected, with Corporal Clifford in charge, to report at headquarters at 8 a. m. We were marched to the adjutant's tent and there were lined up with a like detail from each company, when we were instructed by the adjutant to report to the quartermaster at the city wharf, where we were marched and set at work unloading a boatload of camp equipage, tents, guns and ammunition, and loading them into our regimental wagons, to be hauled to our camp.

When we arrived at our camp at noon there had been quite a change. Our new bell tents had been raised in company rows of twelve tents to each company and two wall tents for company officers, forming a white city. Our guns and forty rounds of ammunition were issued

to us. Our guns were the long Enfield rifles, and with cartridge boxes and belts, bayonet and scabbard, weighed twelve pounds.

At 4 o'clock that afternoon we were ordered out for regimental drill and parade with full equipment, and from that time on were drilled twice a day while we remained in Memphis. We were now organized in regular military form and put through a rigid drill of arms and general camp duty. Our company was divided into twelve messes of eight men to a tent, and we paired off in bunkmates to suit our own choice.

On the 12th of October, 1862, I was detailed for the first time on regular picket duty and placed out as sentinel on the outside line, and I vividly remember that night. We were on the main pike road to Holly Springs in an oak forest, perhaps a mile from our camp. My turn came for outpost at 10 p. m. to 12 m. It had rained all day and the night was very dark. I had a beat of about 200 yards to walk and pass the word to comrades on adjoining beats, "Who comes there?" Answer, "All is well." We could sarcely see the form of a man ten steps distant. I was making my return to the road to my right when I saw the form of an animal I took to be a horse coming in on the road. I commanded "Halt!" It paid no attention. My next command was "Halt! Who comes there?" cocking my gun at the same time, but the object still came on, and another showed up in the rear. I fired with the third command and brought down the leading object, and there was a scurry through the woods of several sounds on the run. I reloaded before I advanced on my prey and walked up stealthily at bayonet charge upon my enemy. To my surprise, I found I had killed a calf.

I had an attack of the buck ague all the balance of my two-hour stand, and I was the jest of the camp the next day.

We remained at Memphis until the 20th of November, 1862, and during the time were put through a thorough drill of arms and were organized in brigade of four regiments as follows; 33d Wisconsin Infantry, 3d Iowa Infantry, 44th Illinois Infantry, 41st Missouri Infantry. Our brigade commander was A. J. Smith, then brigadier-general.

The three regiments we were brigaded with had been through the campaign with General Grant at Pittsburg Landing and Shiloh and had been badly cut up. They were sent to Memphis to garrison until they were recruited and organized. They were greatly put out to think they should be reorganized with a regiment of new, inexperienced men, and we were the butt of ridicule with them for some time and until our first engagement in battle, when the tide was turned, and we were all great friends thereafter.

The garrison of Memphis was in command of General Washburn during our stay, and the old regiments did not like him. They thought him a coward, as General Forest had raided in to Memphis and drove

them to cover of the fort but a few days previous to our arrival. There was but a small garrison at that time, of new troops principally, and Forest was making his raids frequent to cut off Grant's supplies while on the campaign through Mississippi.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.

By A. J. Robinson, Co. E, 33d Wis. Vol. Inf.

Our grand old flag
Composed of rags,
As history has recorded
Composed was She
Of colors three,
  How nobly have they blended.

In 1777 of our history has thus stated
By Betsy Ross, who stitched acrost
  With hands and fingers nimble;
Thirteen stripes of red and white,
A field of blue she added,
  With thirteen stars assembled.

Our forefathers old,
So we have been told,
  In Congress had assembled;
And with bared heads
Proclaimed, it is said,
  It a Symbol of Freedom and Independence.

Oh! Long may She wave
Over the home of the brave
  Over land, and sea, and ocean;
And with honor rare
She is received everywhere,
  By every land and nation.

OUR FIRST CAMPAIGN.

On the 20th of November, 1862, we received orders to strike camp and be ready to march by 7 a. m. We were issued two days' rations and sixty rounds of cartridges, which meant there was something doing. We were all ready and waiting orders. The boys had loaded themselves down with goods from home, and nearly all had supplied themselves with heavy shoes or boots and were wearing them instead of the army shoe. Sergeant Cook had been in the regular army and had experience in marching. When he saw the boys were discarding the army shoe, he said with his Irish wit: "Me boys, let me give ye a bit of advice. Throw away thim boots and put on thim army stogies and ye'll be thankin' the old man before the day is done."

We were delayed until 10 a. m., when the order came to march. There were two brigades and a four-gun battery of 12-pound howitzers, 1st Missouri, Battery M, and a battalion of cavalry in the command. We marched out on the Hernando road, camping the first night about 20 miles out from Memphis in a cornfield. It was raining when we went into camp and dark. There was a ten-rail fence around the field, and in a very few minutes we had large fires of pine rails throughout the camp.

The boys were busy making coffee in a cup held over the blaze, also frying their bacon on bayonet or ramrod. We had not been in camp but a short time when I was detailed for picket duty and with a squad of 100 from our regiment was marched out a mile south of camp. But quite different were the arrangements to those we had formerly gone through. The sentry was placed stationary every sixty steps, and our orders were to watch closely in our front and to call "Halt!" to the least sound, and at second command to shoot, taking no chances from the front of our line. It seemed that we were in close proximity to the enemy by the precautions taken.

My dear readers, you may imagine the thoughts of a boy in his seventeenth year, standing a lonely sentry on a bleak, wet night, with the enemy within a rifle shot of his post, and in fact a skirmish line in the early morning, when we exchanged shots, and the bark chipped from the tree at my ear, which was my only shelter. This was my experience the second day after our leaving Memphis, and the morning of the 21st of November we were in pursuit of a detachment of Forest's army and drove them into their breast-works at Coldwater, where we had the river between us and they in a fortified camp. We had proved our mettle in the fight at Coldwater and won the cheers of the old battle-scarred comrades of our brigade. But we had lost five noble officers. Our first lieutenant, Henry Swift, was killed in the first volley. Captain Lindsly, of Company H, and three of Company A were also killed, and 17 in the regiment were wounded.

That evening we were marched back about four miles north of Coldwater and went into camp on a large cotton plantation. It was raining hard and we were without tents. There was a large cotton gin and negro quarters and outbuildings, which the boys used for shelter. I found a small bin filled nearly full of field peas, in which Stafford and I made our bed, and we were not slow to investigate our find, and the next morning we had a fine pot of the peas prepared for our breakfast. When we were called by reveille that morning and lined up for roll call, it was with sad thoughts of our loss of the previous evening. Instead of the cheerful greeting of our first in command, we were greeted by our second lieutenant, P. H. Swift, a brother, so filled with emotion that he could not give the commands, but broke down with grief. There were tears in every eye of that company, for we had all learned to love Henry Swift.

P. H. Swift proved his equal and was made our captain shortly after that campaign. Our old captain, Miltimore, had shown the white feather and was terribly sick with gout the morning of the fight, had gone to the ambulance train, and on our return to Memphis we asked him to resign by a vote of the company.

Captain Miltimore returned to Memphis with the remains of Lieutenant Swift, and P. H. Swift was in command of the company from that time on through our entire service.

Here I must relate a laughable incident. As I have previously stated, a portion of our company had occupied the cotton gin during the night, my brother among the rest. They had slept in their wet clothes in the lint room, and when they came out in the morning they had a fleece of white which they found would not rub off. I leave it to the reader to imagine their plight and appearance for several days.

I will also give here a description of the plantation before I continue our march, so that you may have some idea of the southern country of that date and the crude machinery and farm implements in use. Our camp was on one of the largest plantations in southern Tennessee. There were about 400 acres in cultivation. The planter's house was on high ground, about the center of the plantation, and was a large frame two-story house with a large, spacious hall through the center. The ground floor, 48x30 feet, a living room 18x18, kitchen 12x18, parlor 18x18 and bedroom 12x18 on opposite sides of the hall, with a large open fireplace in each room. The upper story was divided into four bedrooms with hall, all rooms opening into the hall. The negro quarters were about 20 rods from the mansion and were a row of log cabins. There were thirty of them and they were surrounded by a high stockade of sharp pickets set in the ground. A large iron gate was at the entrance, which was locked securely every night by the overseer, whose quarters were close by the gate. At the overseer's cabin there

was a large bell on a post twelve feet high, which was used to call the negroes to the work and their meals.

The stock corrals were close by, with cribs or troughs through the center of the corral for feeding, but no shelter or shed, and a short distance from this corral were the corncribs and gin house. The gin house was a building 40x40 feet, raised on pillars or posts ten feet high, supported by truss beams, giving space for the power under the gin house. This power was a large four-sweep wheel made of wood, with wooden cogs adjusted to a pinion that drove the belt wheel above that attached to the gin-head. The gin house is partitioned into three rooms, one for the reception of the cotton as it came from the field and in which the gin-head stands; the other two, a lint room and a press room. The press is a pit or case 3x4x8 feet deep in which the cotton is tramped until full by two negroes. Then it is compressed by a large wooden screw from a truss above, which is also turned by hand levers by the two negroes until it is one-half the size, or 3x4x4 feet, making a bale that would weigh about 500 pounds, which is encased in sacking and bound with iron hoops before it is taken out of the press.

The tools used on the plantation were of the old, ancient style and clumsy and heavy to handle. The plows had wooden moldboards or what was styled a bulltung plow. The stock used was principally the mule and was used single to plow. The harness used was a shuck collar, wooden hames and chain tug, with a piece of sacking across the back of the mule to hold the chains at its side, with rope line and bridle, which were all manufactured by the negroes or slaves.

The foregoing is a true description of the plantations throughout Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia at the time of the Civil War, and the description of the plantation is that of the wealthiest and largest in the country.

The morning of the 22d of November, 1862, the sun rose clear and bright, and by 7 a. m. we were on the march on the Herando road, with the cavalry deployed on our front, exchanging shots occasionally with the enemy. Forest had evacuated Coldwater during the night and had moved toward Tupalo, Mississippi, to intercept our progress there, and had also sent a troop to our rear that made a charge on our right flank and cut through our train at Carrmango about 11 a. m. Our regiment was rear guard and we were thrown in line and charged on them, repulsing them, taking 20 prisoners and a stand of colors they had left in their flight. Corporal Clifford was wounded here. There were five wounded in the regiment.

The evening of the 22d we camped on the south slope of Red Mound and on the morning of the 23d we were surrounded by Foster's entire command. He fully expected to capture our entire force that day, but General Smith was just as determined that he should not, and massed our whole force at the top of the hill in readiness for their

attack. Forest's army outnumbered us, but we had vantage ground which was covered by heavy timber, while they had to advance through open field.

We had parked our train and were formed in hollow square around it. The time had passed very quietly until about 10 a. m., when the enemy opened fire from the north with their artillery and kept the air full of shells for a half hour, but most of these shells passed our lines and did but little damage to us. We remained quiet, holding our fire until they made their charge. On they came in solid column up through the open cornfield, and as the first column came in our range we were ordered up with volley and charge bayonets repulsing their line, and they turned and ran for cover of their reserve. We were ordered to lie flat on the ground and await their second charge. In a very few minutes on came a second column, a third following in the rear. We were held back until they had come nearly to the top of the hill, when we poured in our volley and charged, mixing in a hand-to-hand conflict, following them up in their retreat and routing their entire force. We had gained the victory with but small loss at Red Mound. Our regiment had seven wounded; our company one. Amond Rema was struck by a spent ball in the forehead that flattened and stuck to the skull, setting him crazy for several hours, but he reported back to the company the next day with a bandage around his head and the ball as a pocket-piece in his purse.

Forest had lost 400 killed, left on the field, and quite that many wounded. They had sent in a flag of truce and request to bury their dead. I passed over the field shortly after the battle, and I hoped then to never witness another field of carnage as was fought in that four hours' battle of Red Mound, but it was my fate to see many others during my three years' service, and it is with the same feeling of awe that I have written this description of the scene. We remained in camp on the field until the morning of the 24th, when we pursued our march to Tupalo, Miss., where we had another engagement with Forest's cavalry, but only for a short skirmish.

We camped at Tupalo for several days, until the 2d of December.

On December 2d we were ordered to strike camp and be ready to march by 7 a. m. Two days' rations and cartridges to fill our cartridge box, 40 rounds, with 20 rounds extra, were issued to us, and at 7 o'clock we were on the road, leading southeast toward Holly Springs, Miss. We marched probably fifteen miles that day and camped that night at Pleasant Valley, a large Baptist school on the Tallahatchie River. We had barely gone into camp when the long roll was beat and we hustled to our guns, for the rebel cavalry came dashing in on us, and ran right through our camp, but with no great damage to us, only upsetting a few cans of coffee that had been placed on our fires. It

was "one of Forest's daredevil raids." We gave them a parting volley as they passed. We had not stationed our pickets when they made their charge, but we gave them a warm reception. This was the first time we had met with such a surprise, and we were a lot of excited boys for a short time, with a feeling that is hard to describe. "Something like an ague shake." We soon got down to business again, preparing our evening meal and eating it with as much relish as if nothing out of the ordinary had occurred to disturb us. On the morning of December 3d we were on the march by 4 o'clock for Holly Springs. During the night there had been a dispatch by courier that Forest had captured the place and burned the army stores there, and was tearing up the railroad tracks. We were put through on a forced march and arrived at about 4 p. m., to find the place evacuated. They had plundered the camp and torn up about two miles of railroad between Holly Springs and Grand Junction. They had gone in the direction of Grand Junction. Pap Thomas' cavalry were in hot pursuit. We camped at Holly Springs and repaired the railroad and garrisoned the place. I was detailed for picket duty that night and nearly froze while on my post. It had turned cold, with rain. Our rations were about exhausted, and the track torn up. Forest had burned all the supplies at Holly Springs, and the country had been stripped of everything for miles by both the rebels and our army.

We were put on quarter rations until supplies could be brought from Memphis. The morning of the 4th there was a forage train sent out to procure feed for the mules. Stafford was on the detail from our mess. They were sent to the south of Holly Springs to a large plantation on the Tallahatchie. A negro had reported that the old planter had an abundance of corn and provender secreted, and had described the place as to finding everything, but would not go with the boys for fear of his life. There were 200 men detailed to guard the train, and they soon found everything as the negro had reported and came back to camp with a full load and plenty. Stafford was a good forager, and our mess was well supplied with chicken, goose, yellow yams and corn cakes.

We received orders December 6th to march on to Moscow, Miss., where we arrived the 8th, and pitched camp in a cotton field south of the village.

We had gone into an old, deserted camp, at Holly Springs, and it was only a few days until our boys were infested with vermin and disease, which took five of our company in a very short time. Rufe Stafford, my bunkmate, was the first. Poor boy, he was taken with dysentery and died within a week after our arrival at Moscow. Charles Smith, Nat Goodwin and two of our Norwegian boys were all buried within twenty days. Brother Hiram was very sick and I feared that

he would be next, but he pulled through by my careful nursing. We were barely over with dysentery when the smallpox broke out. Joe Hall, of our company, was the first to come down with it. Very fortunately, it did not spread in the regiment. His tent was left under quarantine and our camp was moved some distance, and only one other of our company had been exposed, Brainard Rider, who remained and nursed Hall through his sickness. The rainy season had set in and the red clay hills of Mississippi were a perfect bog. There were many of the boys sick with chills and fever, dysentery or the jaundice, and there was not a day passed while we remained at Moscow that there was not some poor boy of our regiment buried, and it cast a gloom over the whole camp.

The afternoon of December 28th at dress parade orders were read to strike camp in the morning, with light marching equipment, 40 rounds of cartridges and five days' rations, which meant to load everything in wagons except our rolls of blankets, rations, guns and accoutrements, and be ready to march by 7 a. m.

There was a rousing cheer throughout camp; hats were twirled and sent as high as they could be thrown. Every boy was glad to get out of that dismal camp, no matter where. A fight with Forest was preferable to staying at Moscow. We were not informed as to where we were to go, but the five days decided our destination, when we marched into Memphis and went into camp south of the fort below the city and close to the Mississippi river. The impression was that we were to remain at Memphis for some time, and we all went to work to make our camp as comfortable as possible for the winter. Ground was cleared, our tents were raised and walled three feet, fireplaces built of cobblestones, mud and sticks, and in a few days we had very comfortable quarters. Our time was occupied by regimental drill, picket duty and city patrol.

The 9th of January it turned very cold, with snow and sleet. It was my misfortune to be on picket duty again, and I suffered with cold. The ground had frozen hard and there was about three inches of snow. We were not allowed any fire, only on the reserve post. The sentinel had to keep on the move to keep up circulation, or freeze. It was so cold that ice formed on the river along the bank strong enough to hold up a man's weight and a great many of the boys ventured out for a slide. It remained cold for several days, and our fireplaces were a great comfort.

Captain Swift was a great hand to play pranks on the boys. One night when we were all enjoying our fire he made up a squad and had every chimney covered with a board. The reader can imagine the result. A short distance from our camp lived an old Irish woman who had a large flock of geese. Orval Rhodes, of our company, had been

down to the river fishing, and in coming to camp passed the old woman's geese. He slipped a bait on his hook and trailed his line out. As he passed, Mr. Goose spied the bait and seized it, hook and all. The result. The goose followed Rhodes to camp—and also the old woman. There was a dialogue between the old woman and Rhodes that is not worthy of space here. Every cloud has a silver lining. We had our joy and sorrow, privation and amusement, and with a camp of a thousand men you will find all classes and characters of humanity. Time at Memphis passed very pleasantly. Grant's army was coming in and were sent down the river by steamboat. There were also a great many new regiments arriving daily. The 38th Wisconsin came in and were camped only a short distance from our camp. They had brought lots of goodies from home and, of course, our boys were very friendly with them and were glad to share their sweet morsels with them and talk of "Home, Sweet Home." We had a beautiful camp and fine parade ground. Our streets were kept perfectly clean and in perfect sanitary condition, and our boys had all regained their health and were happy and contented, and entered into all kinds of enjoyment—dancing, theatrical plays and minstrel shows. We had an excellent band that gave life to our camp. Thus time passed off at Memphis while we remained there.

THE DEUTCHER VOLUNTEER.

Copyright secured.

Composed by A. J. Robinson, 1863, Co. E., 33d Wis. Vol. Inf.

My name is Jacob Snyder,
Und I just come here this night
From Mississippi from Smith's army,
Where all the time they fights.
It was in Janesville city
I first heard the drum and fife,
Und mit a chicken tail stuck in my hat
I marched up mitout fear
Und joined the Yankee Army,
As a Deutcher Volunteer.
Now when we left Janesville city
The people all did stand,
At the depot for to see us off
Und shook us by the hand.
The womans shook their handkerchiefs,
Und bid us all good bye,
Und the boys began to cheer us,
Und I began to cry.
But when I thought of the beer gardens,
Where the Deutchers used to meet,
To walk around with Deutch girls,
Und sing Deutch songs und treat,
I swallowed down two quarts of snoops
Und a keg of lager beer,
Und brave just like a Gineral
Was this Deutcher Volunteer.
Und when we got to where the war was,
They 'stood us in a row,
For to learn us when they holler
Which way we have to go.
We load our guns mit nothings
Und try to shoot them right,
Und charge upon the rebels
When no rebel was in sight.
Und I was just so proud on drill
As no man effer vas,
Shots mine gun more times off than all,
None else could louder cheer,
Und brave just like a Gineral
Was this Deutcher Volunteer.

One morning very early
The rebels comed in sight,
Und the Officers they tell us
We must prepare to fight.
Oh! my teeth did knock togeder,
Und my hands they shook so bad,
I tried to shoot my bayonet off
I was so develish mad.
Und when the rebels shoot their gun off,
The balls they come so thick,
I think I must go somewhere,
I was so very sick.
Und the poys they all did laugh at me
When I went to the rear,
Und they stuck the bayonet somewhere
In this Deitcher Volunteer.
Now all you gentlemen what goes to war
To fight mit your country's foes,
Take my advice, prepare yourself
The day before you goes.
Take a couple barrels of sauer kraut,
Mit lots of Switzer cheese,
Und some bologna sausage,
Und eny tings else you please;
Und when you goes to battle
Drink all the snoops you can,
Get behind some big tree,
That be some Officers' plan;
Lower your knapsack down your back
To cover up the rear,
Und then you won't get wounded,
Like this Deitcher Volunteer.

The morning of February 7th, 1863, we were paid four months' pay, issued five days' rations, 60 rounds of cartridges and a sheet of canvas 5 feet by 6 feet, with buttons on one edge and stake loops on the other, so that two sheets could be buttoned together, which we called dog tents. These were to be our tents and shelter. Our quartermaster had been around and taken an inventory of our camp. That meant there was something in the wind. That afternoon, on dress parade, there were orders read to be ready to march to the city landing by 6 a. m., leaving our tents and camp stand. This was not approved by some of the boys. They did not like the idea of leaving our comfortable camp for some new regiment to occupy and enjoy, and there were a good many pranks played, such as splitting the forks of the stakes that supported the bunks, burying blank cartridges in the fire places, or stuffing the chimneys with old blankets and cast off clothing; anything that would be likely to give annoyance to the new occupants.

We were in line promptly at 6 o'clock the morning of the 8th, and were marched to the city landing. There we stacked our arms and lay awaiting our turn for loading on the boats. There were three boats assigned for our brigade. The 3d Iowa and 41st Missouri were embarked on the "White Cloud," a large boat, and the one that first brought our regiment to Memphis. The 44th Illinois was next, on the "Queen," a stern-wheeler; our regiment, the 33d Wisconsin, on the "Natchez," a stern-wheeler, and we were started down the river in that order, leaving Memphis at 11 o'clock a. m. The third day, as we neared Young's Point, the "White Cloud" was fired into by a masked battery from the east bank. We answered with a volley of musketry, and our boat in the rear was ordered to land at a landing a short distance above, the other two going down the river. Our regiment was landed and marched across the bend about two miles, where we came in sight of the battery, two guns. They had spied us and were off on a gallop. Here they had another embrasure and would have given the boats another shot had we not surprised them. We pursued them four miles. We then marched back to Iuca, twelve miles below where we had landed, and found our boats awaiting us there. We were not molested again in our going down the river, and arrived at Milican's Bend the 12th, where we were disembarked and went into camp.

February 13th we awoke in the morning to find our camp flooded with water from the river, everything drenched, and we were wading out to higher ground, and the boys were singing the nautical song as they marched out, "Mark Twain, Mark above water Twain, nine feet, no bottom." It was quite amusing to see how cheerful the boys took their wetting. The country is a flat level and protected by a levee, a bank of earth thrown up along the bank of the river. This had washed out or broken in many places, letting the water in.

Grant was concentrating his army here and some had already gone below Grand Gulf, on this side of the river. Troops were moving south every day. We were in sound of the gunboats' fire on Vicksburg. There was a large lot of army stores here, which we were guarding, unloading from boats every day, and wagon trains were loaded and sent down below Vicksburg. A deserter came to our camp on the 17th and reported that there was a rebel camp up the river about 30 miles, near the mouth of White River, where they had a small steamboat and two barges that they were crossing men to the east side with; that their camp was secreted on a bayou entering the White River, a camp of 500 men, commanded by Colonel Gurley.

We had received orders to be ready to march at 10 o'clock, issued five days' rations, 40 rounds of cartridges and light camp outfit, two wagons loaded with picks and shovels, and were marched up the river 20 miles, where we apparently go into camp, but only until darkness, when our regiment was divided into two troops. Companies K and I were sent up the river to the mouth of White River; the balance of the regiment was marched west in the cypress swamp over a corduroy road. We moved with great caution. I must here state that our picks and shovels were unloaded at the river, where they were put in array as if we were to work on the levee, ostensibly for a blind, to lead the rebels, if any were spying our movements, to think our purpose was to repair the levee.

We were moving with great caution, probably having gone twelve miles, when we came to a halt, and there one company was detached, turning their ponchos wrong side out over their shoulders. They marched on and we heard them halted by the enemy's picket. The deserter who had come to our camp was dressed in rebel uniform and was sent up, announcing a friend with the countersign. He relieved the picket and told him that they are on the march to cross the river. This ruse was followed up until we relieved all their sentinels and we stationed our pickets and disarmed the rebels. Then we marched in on their camp and took them totally by surprise without firing a gun. We found their guns stacked and took possession of them before we aroused them. The jig was up. We had captured 400 prisoners, with their entire camp outfit, and we guarded them in their own camp until daybreak, when we burned everything that would burn—the two scows and steamboat—and marched out to where we had formed our camp and were back in Milican Bend February 20th in our old camp. The Johnnies were sent up the river the next day. They wanted a boat ride, and they got one. They had been ferrying troops across the river to the east side at night and secreted their boat during the daytime. This had been the source of reinforcements to Pemberton for some time.

We remained at Milican Bend guarding the army stores until the 28th of March. That afternoon we were ordered to embark on a boat, and with two of the marine boats were sent up the Yazoo River after dark. The fleet ran the blockade that night, the sky was red with shell from our mortar fleet, and the rebel batteries were pouring their shot into our fleet. Our motive was to blow out the blockade in the Yazoo River while the fleet passed Vicksburg, but it was found impracticable, as the rebels had it covered in range of four of their seige guns and were on the alert, and commenced shelling us before we could reach the blockade. They had spies out all along the river.

We returned to Milican Bend and were in our old camp again. The river was very high and the Yazoo was flooding the whole country on its north bank, which is nearly all cypress swamp. The mortar fleet was firing shell into Vicksburg every night. It made a beautiful sight as the fuse twirled with the revolution of the shell, but it must have created sad havoc in the city, and it made me shudder with horror for the poor people who were within their range. War is cruel! war is inhuman.

April 7th, 1863. We have received orders to march at 7 a. m.; do not know what is up, but probably will by night. Three days' rations and the usual 40 rounds of cartridges are issued to us. Our equipment is always light now, and we carry our entire stock with us, consisting of roll of blankets, dog tent, canteen, haversack, gun and cartridge box; the whole outfit weighs about 22 pounds. We have cast off our knapsack and all surplus clothing. A change of shirt, socks and underwear we carry in our roll of blankets, which is tied together at the ends and worn across our shoulder. Our cooking utensils are a tin plate, cup, bayonet and ramrod of our gun, which we use to broil our bacon and hold our cup of coffee over the fire. We were not long in learning to adhere to Sergeant Cook's advice on our first march out from Memphis, to throw away everything unnecessary and lighten our burden; also wear the army "stogy". We are embarking on the "Iuca" and going up the Yazoo again. There are eight boats loaded with our division and the 1st Missouri, Battery M. We are nearing the blockade and the rebels have opened fire with solid shot and shell from their siege guns. We land on the north bank of the river. The "Esic", one of our ironclad gunboats, is engaging the rebel battery and also firing on the blockade to break it. It is composed of rafts of logs, strongly chained together, and we fear there are mines laid. The shell and solid shot from the rebel batteries are shrieking over our heads as we disembark, but they have overreached their mark and have done no damage thus far. The transports are backing down the river out of range as fast as they are unloaded. We are marching through the swamp northeast; are in water sometimes up to our thighs. The rebel batteries seem to direct their fire mostly on the "Esic". It

is nearly dark, and we are still moving on in the swamp through dense cypress trees.

We have reached high ground and have entered camp. Our battery was not unloaded and has gone down the river; none but infantry, two brigades. We get our supper and are put to work making a road to the river, cutting small trees and laying corduroy. We work in reliefs of 200 men all through the night; are making good progress, but the boys are badly fatigued at day-break; but still the work goes on.

April 11th. The sapper and miner corps have mined the blockade and blown it out to-day, opening the river, but the gunboats cannot go up any further. They have to back down, as the river is too narrow for them to turn. We are continuing our road on up the north bank and are out of range of the rebel batteries. There are other troops coming up to-day and our batteries have come to the camp. We are about twelve miles above the mouth of the river and have thrown a pontoon across and are crossing to-day, the 14th; are on dry land again, in heavy timber. We are still building road, southeast now, toward Jackson, Mississippi. There are a good many of the boys having chills and fever.

We have not seen a farm or a living being except our own force for nine days, but can hear the bark of dogs this morning, April 17th.

Have struck civilization again to-day; have camped at a plantation twenty miles east of Vicksburg on a road leading to Jackson, have a strong picket line out and have had some dispute with some of Pemberton's cavalry this morning. We are holding them back while the other troops are working on the road repairing back through the swamps and helping our train of wagons through. Our force is getting stronger every day—more troops coming up and two more field batteries. We can hear the cannon to the south of us to-day, May 15th, at Champion Hills, and a courier has brought the news that Grant is driving Pemberton into Black River and we are ordered to advance toward that point. The cannon are booming louder every hour. We are nearing Black River and have a connected line surrounding Pemberton, who has crossed the river to-day, May 17th, and has burned the bridge after him.

May 19th. There are two pontoon bridges thrown across the river, and troops are crossing as rapidly as they can and marching on to Vicksburg. We are guarding the ford and bridge. The railroad bridge is still burning this morning, the 20th. We hear the siege guns booming at Vicksburg. We are about eight miles east, and still on the east side of Black River, guarding the ford. The cavalry came in to-day, "Pap" Thomas commanding.

They had followed Joe Johnson's retreat from Jackson, and kept him on the run to the Alabama line, where they made a stand and were

too much for him. They came back through Jackson and burned the bridge across the Pearl River; tore up the railroad for miles. They have relieved us and we are moving across the river and are building a fort commanding the ford of Black River and have placed four big siege guns. Grant made a charge on the works at Vicksburg, the 22d, and was repulsed with heavy loss. We could hear the roar of the artillery here. Another division of troops crossed the river to-day, May 24th, and have moved on to Vicksburg. They came from Grand Gulf and report the fleet has come up the river from New Orleans.

We are having but little fear here as long as "Pap" Thomas is on the east side and Grant at Vicksburg. We are pretty well protected for the present; but it is rumored that Joe Johnson is moving back towards Jackson and is reinforced by Hood's army and we are strengthening our works every day and placing more siege guns. The east side of the river is a low, flat country, heavily timbered, and where we are stationed is high, rough, clay hills, and when it rains, as it has done for several days, it is very muddy and disagreeable working, as we are doing every day, extending our rifle pits.

To-day, the 28th, I am on picket duty at the pontoon bridge. Three families of negroes came, with their whole belongings in pack, eighteen in number, big and little, and wanted to cross and go to "Massa" Grant, but we have strict orders to allow no contrabands to cross; no one but those with the proper pass word or countersign can go across the river.

Another division came in to-day, the 29th, and has gone into camp here. We have orders to move to the front and are moving to the left flank of our lines, and have camped in a ravine about one mile from the Mississippi River. Minnie balls are whistling all around us, and every little while a shell bursts and the fragments go "chipering" in every direction. There is constant musketry fire. We are assigned a position in the line of pits right opposite a large fort and to the left of one of our heavy field batteries of six guns.

To-day, the 30th, we are in the rifle pits. Brother Hiram was taken with fever last night and sent to the field hospital, which caused me much anxiety. I am as tough as a pine knot, and have not been sick a day since I enlisted. Our pits are about 800 yards from the enemy, but in range of our Enfield rifles, and we make the dirt fly every shot. We are digging the laterals out and advance a little every night and throw up new rifle pits. There are two six-hour reliefs; one-third of the regiment at a time in the front line, the same as on picket duty, though we are on six hours instead of two. The night shift is in the least danger, as the firing ceases at dark generally, unless there is a night charge.

June 7th. I have got a permit to visit Hiram to-day at the hospital. I find him improving. Dr. Whiting says he will bring him

around in a day or two. He has malarial fever. I am on night shift, went on at 7 p. m. Our reliefs are arranged so as to change at dark, to avoid danger of exposure to the rebel fire. About 11 o'clock we advance across a ravine and throw up new pits. We are working lively. The rebs fired a volley at us, but their shots went wild.

We make baskets that are filled with earth and rolled on ahead of us as we dig our laterals, and as we draw closer to their works we are more cautious. There were two of Company B wounded in our advance last night. We never know the casualties until our relief comes.

June 14th. The whole regiment is ordered out to-night to take the pits. There is something out of the usual going to happen to-night: 60 rounds of cartridges have been issued to us; are in the pits by 7 p. m.; the batteries are playing lively all around our lines; also the mortar fleet are more active and are sending shell lively; there is a constant rattle of musketry to our right; we are ordered out of our pits about 10 o'clock and charge about 200 yards to the crest of a hill in our front, and there is a line of men with pick and spade set to work on another line of pits, while we lie in front of them guarding the work. At the time we made our charge there was a heavy roll of sound to our right and a perfect hum of musketry. We did not know what had happened until morning, when we learned there had been a mine touched off and one of the rebel forts blown up; a charge into the rebel lines, but unsuccessful, and a heavy loss of life. This was the third unsuccessful charge made to enter their works and Gen. Grant has concluded to continue the siege and starve them out. Smoke won't work. We are now within 400 yards of one of their strongest forts, and the muzzles of their big guns look ugly to us. They have tried our line with shrapnel to-day, but no harm has been done, except to knock some of our baskets out and throw the dirt over us in our pits. We lay low until they spent their ammunition to their content and have ceased their fire, and then, if there is a hat raised above the works, there will be a hundred shots strike pretty close thereabouts.

June 23d. We have wormed up pretty close to the Johnnies and can talk to them, but both sides have to be very cautious how they show themselves. Both sides are getting to be expert shots. Sometimes the boys put their hats on their ramrods and hold them above the works and they are usually pierced with a dozen bullets. There have been four killed to-day, two of Co. K, one in Co. C and one in Co. B. There are some wounded nearly every day. If we stay down in our pits there is but little danger, but some get careless and they are the ones to suffer. We are digging a tunnel to the fort in our front and have it nearly finished, but have suspended work for two days; do not know why, but we obey orders when they come from headquarters.

June 28th. Gen. Grant was reviewing our works this morning and inspecting the line. He was dressed in an old slouch hat, common blouse and pants tucked in his bootlegs, with spurs, and the usual cigar, the only marks to identify him from the common soldier, and he certainly knew how to duck his head when a ball passed too close. There were five other officers with him. None of them carried their swords and all were dressed in common fatigue uniform.

Last night three of our boys met three of the rebs half way between our lines and exchanged coffee for tobacco. They sat and chatted for half an hour, and it is a usual occurrence to hear the following dialogue between the Johnnies and our boys: "Say, Yank, when you-all goin' to move into Vicksburg, hey?" "Well, Johnny, when you have eaten your last mule and dog we expect to come over; see." "But we have got lots of 'em yet. Say, Yank, you got any coffee to swap? Give you pound of tobacco for cup of coffee. What you say?" "All right, bring it over, Johnny. I'll meet you half way." "All right; here I come. Don't you shoot." "We won't. Come on, I am with you." These conversations are an every evening occurrence since we have been so close to their works, between 7 p. m. and 9 p. m., and there is no firing on the lines, and when there is an order on either side to commence firing we hail them with, "Johnny, look out, for we are going to shoot!" and they do the same to us.

July 1st, 1863. There is an armistice to-day. Pemberton and Grant are negotiating terms of surrender and there are a lot of the boys sitting out on the works on both sides, talking over the terms that will be agreed to. The rebel band is playing "Dixie," while ours is playing "Columbia," and they both join in "America," and the air is rent with cheers. Then our band strikes out with "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and the rebs with "The Girl That Wears the Palmetto Hat." Everything passes harmoniously. At 4 o'clock p. m. hostilities are begun and the word is passed, "Look out, Johnny, we are ordered to shoot," and all dive for their holes. There is a regular roar of artillery all around the lines and the mortar fleet keeps the air full of shells.

July 3d, 1863. There are white flags placed all along the rebel works this morning; firing has ceased and there appears to be a perfect gloom on the rebel side. None of the boys show themselves. Grant and Pemberton are out under a big live oak tree between the lines conferring.

A good many of our boys are at work washing and cleaning up; say they are going to a play in Vicksburg, and some have even shaved and blacked their shoes for the occasion. Captain Swift has just appeared and announced: "Boys, we are going to march into Vicksburg to-morrow at 10 a. m. Hip, hip, hurrah!" and there is a rousing cheer all around the line. Brother Hiram came back to the company this

morning. He has been very sick, and it shows on him yet. The doctor gave him permission to visit the company, but he must report to the hospital steward every morning for a time.

The boys are all very cheerful and many a joke and prank are passed. Jimmy Tierney is taking a nap with his head on a chunk of wood, under a big pine tree. He is a quaint little Irishman, and the boys like to torment him. Several have thrown pine burrs at him and awakened him. He raises up on his elbow and rails out, "Ye bloody spalpeens, can't ye let an honest man rest a minute? There isn't a man of ye got any raisin'. If ye would mind yer own business, as I do mine, ye would be better men thin ye are."

July 4th dawns gloriously, and we are called together by the reveille and lined up for roll call, the first time for over sixty days. The roll has been called for the past month, the orderly sergeant groping his way through the pits hunting up the men as they were on their posts. Now there is no fear of a deadly bullet or shell. There are five of our company who have answered their last roll call at Vicksburg, and eleven are lying at the hospital with fair hopes of recovery.

At 10 o'clock we are in line, with our best appearance under the circumstances, as we are somewhat ragged and tattered by the long siege, but our old musket is as bright as a dollar. "Haven't seen one for so long we don't know whether they are bright or green."

The rebs are marching outside their lines and stacking their guns and drooping their colors over the center stack of each battalion, leaving them and marching back inside of their works. Their is a salute fired by our artillery all around the works and also by our fleet. We are marched into Vicksburg by merry music and cheers from the lusty throats of the boys. It is a glorious celebration of old Independence Day and one that every participant will ever remember.

We have stacked our arms by 12 o'clock and are preparing our dinner. The Johnnies are mingling with us and we invite them to partake with us. Nearly all of them accept our hospitality. There are some few who hold out stubborn and sullen.

JACKSON (MISSISSIPPI) CAMPAIGN.

We remain at Vicksburg until the morning of the 7th of July, when we are ordered to march, issued 60 rounds of cartridges and five days' rations. We cross Black River and are marching toward Jackson, camping the first night about five miles east of the river and near Champion Hill. Near our camp is where Pemberton made his last stand before crossing the river, and there is a trench where the dead were buried, and the heavy rains have washed gullies and exposed the dead. It is a horrid sight. The buzzard and raven have been at work on the bodies exposed. We have men out reburying or covering those that are exposed to view. It is a gruesome task and makes a chill of horror run through me.

July 9th, 1863. Our cavalry had a skirmish with Johnson yesterday evening and this morning they are at it again. We are advancing in line of battle and to our left there has been some hard fighting. Our brigade is on the extreme right of the line and have not been engaged yet, but our battery, 1st Missouri, are engaging a rebel battery, and we lie in their support, looking for something every moment. The rebel line is on the crest of Champion Hill and are in an open field; the center of our lines is also in an open field. We on the extreme right are sheltered by timber and are on higher ground, but we are located where we can see their whole line, and our battery is raking their lines. They have moved up another battery and are placing it a few yards to the left of the one our guns have been playing on. General McPherson rode up to Colonel Pue, who has command of our brigade, and said: "Colonel, take your brigade and charge that battery." We are marched down to our right about 400 yards, under cover of the neck of timber, where we are within about 600 yards of their guns. We are commanded, "Left flank, charge, double quick!" In fifteen minutes after McPherson's command we had the battery and our battery boys had their guns trained on the rebel line in retreat. We had captured four guns, but they had run off with their caisson. That was the finish of the second battle of Champion Hill. Johnson is on a hurried retreat to Jackson and we are in hot pursuit.

Sunday morning, July 11th, we are awakened by the orderly sergeant with a shake of the shoulder of each man and ordered to fall in line at 3 o'clock a. m.. Our movement is very cautious and we are marching around to the south of Jackson. Just at daybreak we reach the Mobile & Ohio Railroad track, when we are ordered to drop our guns and seize a tie and turn the track over for several lengths of our regiment. Then we are marched to the extreme right and take our position close to Pearl River in dense timber, our regiment at the river.

We are supposed to have Johnson's army corraled by a strong line surrounding Jackson.

Time passed quietly until about 10 o'clock, when our batteries opened up all around our line. The rebel batteries answered, and while they were booming our infantry were forming for a charge. Our regiment was held in reserve of our brigade. The 3d Iowa, 44th Illinois and 41st Missouri were ordered to charge. They had about 200 yards of timber before they came to an open field. We advance in their rear in support and are halted at the edge of the timber, when the three regiments are ordered on the double quick. The rebels hold their fire until they are within fifty yards of their works, when they open with a volley of musketry and their battery with grape and canister, mowing our boys down in a terrible slaughter. The 3d Iowa has charged up to their fort and placed their flag on the fort, when they are repulsed and turn and retreat to our line, leaving three hundred of our boys dead on the field.

There had been a misunderstanding of orders. The charge was not to have been made until 4 o'clock p. m., and was to have been all around the lines in concert, and our poor boys had to suffer for the blunder of a few men with shoulder straps and minus brains. This act had frustrated McPherson's plans for the day and caused a general quarrel among the officers at headquarters.

We lay in line until Monday morning, the 12th. Johnson had evacuated Jackson during the night and had moved out every gun. He had prepared for the retreat long before our attack and had kept the railroad busy shipping out army stores; had cut and built a road through the Pearl River swamp east of the city and had the river bridged with pontoons, which he had cut loose after crossing with his army. The quarrel between our own officers had given him the opportunity to get away without loss. We buried our poor boys Monday morning and marched into Jackson about 10 o'clock a. m., and returned to Vicksburg, where we arrived July 15th. When we marched into Jackson we passed a place that had a terraced lawn where there was a group of women jeering the boys as they passed, and one of them stood on the terrace and beckoned to the boys to come up and talk. Charles Stokes, of our company, had taken the dare and went up to see what she wanted. He had no sooner got within reach than the woman threw her skirt over his head and gathered it tight around his throat and hailed the other girls to come and help choke a Yankee.

The morning of July 16th, 1863, we are embarked on boat bound for Natchez, Miss., arriving on the 18th, disembarked and marched up through the city to the north suburbs, where we camp close to the river and also close to a deep canyon which encircles the city. The upper city is elevated about sixty feet above the river or lower part of the city, which are distinguished as Lower and Upper Natchez.

Upper Natchez is a beautiful place, mostly residences, churches and schools, and is inhabited by wealthy planters of Mississippi.

We remain at Natchez and send out scouts through the country to gather in cotton belonging to the Confederate government, which is confiscated and shipped down the river to New Orleans, there compressed and shipped by ocean steamers east, where our Uncle Sam makes good use of it.

THE MERIDIAN AND GUNTOWN EXPEDITION.

The morning of the 7th of Sept., 1863, we commenced our march for Meridian, Miss. We have a long and footsore march over the red clay hills, through pine forests, to Meridian, Guntown, and Lagrange, where we camp for two days. I could not see the necessity of this expedition as we did not meet with the enemy or accomplish anything by the march. All we did was to wear out our shoes and clothes, and live on quarter rations for the entire march.

At Lagrange we are camped in a large peach and mulberry orchard where the fruit was ripe and delicious, and we feast on it while we are there.

The boys also discovered a distillery and a quantity of old Peach Brandy and Mulberry wine which they imbibed with most too free and became intoxicated and we had a merry time while it lasted and many were put under guard and locked up in a log cabin until they sobered off.

We then marched back to Vicksburg, where we entered camp the 7th of December, near old camp of May 22d, where we go into winter quarters.

We have extreme cold weather through the month of December, 1863, and three men were frozen to death on picket the 23d.

The night of December 25th, "Christmas Eve", our Regimental Officers are invited to a party, just outside of our picket line. The boys have got the scent, and have prepared a surprise for them, for several yards apart they have stretched the Muscadine grape vine across the road, just high enough to strike their horses' knees, after which the boys hide in ambush to watch the fun. There was fun immense for those who were watching for it. There was language used that was unbecoming an officer, and I forbear to repeat it.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

The morning of February 17th, 1864, we received orders to march into Vicksburg and are embarked on boats for Red River. We move down the Mississippi to the mouth of Red River and up that stream to Yellow Bayou, where we land on the 12th. The 13th of March we advance on Fort Deruca, La., from the rear, while our fleet attacks the river front. We make a concerted attack and charge into the works, where we remain for two days, when we blow up the magazine and fort and again take the boats for Alexandria, La., where we disembark on the east side of the river the morning of March 17th. We are on the opposite side of the river from Alexandria and are scouting the country for a radius of twenty miles, on the lookout for Gen. Taylor's force. Have several skirmishes with guerrilla bands in sympathy with the South, in reality bands of cut-throats and robbers. We remain here until the 26th of March, when we are again embarked on boat and go up to Bayou Cotila, where we remain until April 2d, scouting the east bank of the river and surrounding country. We are living high; the country is rich—plenty of chicken, duck, geese and cashaw, a hard-shell squash which equals the Hubbard in flavor and is grown in the cornfields. There is also a field bean that is grown in the corn that is also a great relish with us; they are called field peas by the natives.

The wealthy planters through Louisiana are French, and to protect their property they have up the French flag, but the boys are capable of getting away with what they want.

On April 2d we are sent up the river to Grand Ecor, from which point we are sent out upon a scout to Campti, and on our return we are embarked on boat April 5th to guard the fleet of supplies up the river, arriving at Loggey Bayou the 9th, where we were disembarked to remove the blockade. A large boat had been sunk squarely across the river and filled with brick and stone. Here we were busily engaged in removing the obstruction when a courier came and informed our colonel of Banks' defeat at Sabin Crossroads. We are hastily embarked on our boat and backed down the bayou and river a distance of about six miles before we could turn our prow down the stream, as the stream was too narrow to admit of turning. We also barricaded our boat with bales of cotton for breastworks, expecting the enemy to make an attack and try to cut us off and capture our fleet.

On April 12th we are attacked by Gen. Greene with a force of 2,000 rebel cavalry when at Pleasant Hill Landing. They make a desperate charge to the river bank and several of their men plunge their horses into the river, swimming to our monitor and board it, but they were mistaken in their undertaking and were shot down on the deck. We had held our fire until they were at the water's edge, when we

poured in our volley, and the four guns, 12-pounders, on our boats fired forth their grapeshot, killing Gen. Greene and several hundred of his men, besides many wounded.

They retreat, leaving their dead and wounded on the field. Our boats steam down the river as fast as possible, fearing another attack, as they were reforming in the distant timber for another charge. Our monitor remains and shells them until our fleet gets under way. Our regiment was the only troop in escort of the fleet, with 1st Missouri, Battery M. We continued our course down the river to the rapids, where the fleet had to remain until there was a dam built to raise the water before they could pass over the shoals, as the river was very low.

Our regiment is sent back to our brigade and takes position in the center of our lines in an open sugar field, newly planted, and where the cane was just piercing through the ground.

Here I will endeavor to give the reader a description of a sugar plantation. Our camp was on one of the largest in Louisiana, Governor Moore's plantation. The field that we occupy is perfectly level and there are two hundred acres. The seed used is the stalk, two or three joints laid in a furrow and covered with a plow. The rows are six feet apart in drill with a continuous layer of the stalk, which puts out a sprout at each joint. This cane where it puts forth its sprout is very sweet, and the boys had dug out nearly the entire field and eaten it. The cultivation is similar to that of cotton. When the cane is mature it is stripped by a wood cleaver in the hand of slaves by a stroke down either side of the stalk, when it is allowed to stand two weeks. Then it is topped and cut and loaded into carts, drawn by a single mule to the crusher—a set of three rollers, which are of wood and are adjusted in a wooden frame with wooden cogs mortised in the upper ends of the roller, with one of the rollers projecting above, mortised into a large sweep that is made by selecting a tree of proper crook to extend down, forming an arch. This gives space for the negro to feed the cane in the rollers to extract the sap, which runs through a trough to the evaporator pans over the furnace. The crusher is turned by a span of mules hitched to the sweep which I have described. This machinery is all of old, ancient and crude form, made by the slaves. The sugar house is a building 40x60 feet and stands on descending ground, with the furnace of masonry through the center and evaporating pans six feet wide, forty long, partitioned in several divisions. On either side are corrugated floors, inclined to the pans. On the floors are barrels in which the sugar is dipped as it crystallizes, the barrels being perforated to drain back the syrup to the pans. This process is continued until the barrels are filled with crystallized sugar, when they are closed and shipped to New Orleans for refining. At the time of our camping there were fifty barrels of sugar standing on

the drips and the pans were full of syrup, the winter's work which our campaign had stopped. The boys had nearly exhausted the entire stock and the place was in a pretty mess. Our regiment lay about 400 yards from the sugar house and there was a constant stream going and coming from the house. One morning Sergeant Quigley had been to the house and in reaching to dig sugar out of a barrel slipped and fell into the pans of syrup. He was making his way back to the regiment when the boys spied his condition. Orval Rhodes made a run for him, dipping his fingers in a rake up his back, stop and lick them off, then he would run up and make another dip, and this comical maneuver made others of the company follow his example, causing a shout from the whole command. Quigley was called from that time on "Sweet Quigley."

We remain in camp here until the fleet is floated over the rapids; are under the fire of the enemy every day; have thrown up pits and are quite well shielded, but some poor boy is taken off each day.

April 18th, 1864, we are on the retreat from Alexandria and are rear guard; are under fire of the rebel cavalry, our regiment being deployed as skirmishers through the day. The 23d we are engaged by Taylor's whole army at Cane River by a flank movement on our right at 3 p. m., when they attempt to cut our line. We are re-enforced during the night, and the morning of the 24th we rout them and continue our retreat to Bayou Chafalia, or Yellow Bayou, where they again attack us in force while Banks is crossing the bridge formed with river steamers anchored and chained together, forming a pontoon. Here our division are alone, as Banks has crossed with his entire force, leaving Smith to fight his way out or be taken prisoner. Fortunately we repulse them and cross the bayou just at dark under cover of the "Esic's" guns. We camp on the east side of the bayou. The morning of April 26th we are embarked on boats for Vicksburg.

THE PATRIOT.

That dear old Flag whose faintest flutter fills,
A stirring echo in each patriot's breast,
Can never coax to life the closed eyes
That has its wrongs redressed,—

That watched it waver when the fight was hot,
And blazed with newer courage to its aid,
Regardless of the shower of shot and shell
Through which the charge was made;

And when at last they saw it plume its wings,
Like some proud bird in stormy elements,
And soar untrammeled on its wanderings,
They close their eyes, in death content.

We remain at Vicksburg until the 1st of September, when we are embarked on boat and sent up the river to White River, and up that stream to Duval Bluffs, Arkansas, where we arrive the 4th of September, 1864. We disembark and are camped until September 9th awaiting our commissary supplies, which are very essential to the soldier, especially when in close proximity to the enemy, which we were assured was the case, as Price's army was traversing the country on his raid through Arkansas and Missouri, and we are sent to tickle his rear and harass him as much as possible through his march.

The morning of September 10th we began our march, and on the 11th we have an engagement with Price's rear guard. They have struck the Iron Mountain pike and hold the right of way, while we have to take to the swamps and keep out of his reach as much as possible, striking whenever we have an opportunity to cause him any delay. Our purpose is only to delay his progress, so that our force can reach the city of St. Louis ahead of him. Our first engagement is near Little Rock, Arkansas, where we strike his rear. In this fight our major has his horse shot and is left on foot. He is a jovial fellow and is liked by all the boys.

The second day, Ira Howard, of our company, captured a mule, which he found gentle and rode into camp and up to the major's quarters and presented him to the major. The next day the major was riding mister mule with great pomp and met with a lusty cheer from the boys throughout the whole regiment.

Our route is through heavy timber and swamp, as Price monopolized the pikes. Our custom is to take a short rest at noon and make our coffee, broil our bacon, eat our dinner and rest for an hour. The major had finished his dinner and rode his mule back to where our company lay; had dismounted and sat down by a large tree for a rest and social chat with the boys. He had been seated but a few minutes when he felt something warming his lower extremities, and, with a bound, he reached his mule and mounted. Then the fun began; the mule was likewise active and commenced to pitch and kick, and the major was thrown to the ground. Everybody got busy. The major had stirred up an enemy that was making the place too warm for any of us; he had sat down on a yellow jackets' nest, and there were some remarks that I will refrain from mentioning in this narrative.

We were nineteen days making our way through to Cape Guiardo, Missouri, where we took boat up the river to Jefferson City, Missouri, where we disembarked the 24th of September; camped over until the next morning.

September 25th, 1864, we were again following in Price's rear. He had preceded our force several days and had torn up the railroad from a few miles west of St. Louis to Jefferson City; had burned all

the bridges on his route. Gen. Steele was in hot pursuit and had overtaken him at the Big Blue River near the Kansas line, where he captured nearly all of his artillery and 400 prisoners.

Our command went as far as California, a small place about sixty miles west of Jefferson City, where we were halted and were put to work repairing the railroad back to Jefferson City.

When Steele arrived with his prisoners October 11th, they were placed in our charge and were loaded into box cars with our regiment as guard, forty men in a car, with the car doors open six inches and locked with chains, to give that space for air. Our guards were placed on top of the cars.

October 12th we start with the prisoners for Jefferson City, arriving the 13th. During the night of the 12th it had turned cold and a light snow had fallen, making it very cold and the tops of the cars very slippery, and we had to clinch the narrow footboard in the center to keep from slipping off the tops of the cars. Our progress was very slow, as the road was in a very bad condition, and we were all night making the distance of sixty-seven miles to Jefferson City. We suffered extremely with cold. The 13th we transferred our prisoners to the boats and went down the river to Herman, Mo., where we disembarked and again took the railroad to St. Louis, which had been repaired to that place, about sixty miles out from St. Louis.

At Herman, one of the prisoners, a spy, was shot on a high bluff overlooking the city and river. The prisoner was one of Marmaduke's band of guerrillas and was a desperate man. He had jumped from the boat twice into the river and attempted to escape; was handcuffed and chained when he made the effort. We also had Gen. Marmaduke and Gen. Cahill among the prisoners. At Herman we were loaded on open flat cars and the guards were mingled with the prisoners. We arrived at St. Louis the morning of October 17th, were disembarked and marched through the city to the Schofield barracks, where we turned over our prisoners and were marched out to Benton barracks, where we remained until November 23d. Here we had good quarters and were paid and issued new uniforms, lived high as long as our money lasted, and were given freedom to visit the city as long as we behaved properly. Some of the boys were given furloughs and visited their homes. This ends our campaign after Price. While at St. Louis we had the opportunity to vote for President, and a good half of the regiment used the first right to vote at the election of November 5th, 1864. Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson were the Republican candidates. Gen. George B. McClellan was the Democratic choice. Our regiment was about equally divided, and there were some hot political arguments among the boys.

The time passed very pleasantly while in St. Louis, and we had no arduous duties to perform—nothing but ordinary camp duty. Our

stay was a necessary rest after our long march through Arkansas and Missouri of nearly 400 miles on half rations and through a desolate swamp and wilderness.

FIELD OF OUR CAMPAIGNS.

SIEGE AT NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE.

November 23, 1864, we embark on boat and are sent down the Mississippi River to the Ohio River, up the Ohio to the Cumberland River to Nashville, Tenn., where we disembark and are marched through the city to the extreme right of our lines, where we enter camp December 2d, and are put to work building fortifications. A few days thereafter Gen. Hood had us under siege.

On December 15th our division is massed in solid column at the center of our lines in a clear, open field, and in plain sight of the enemy. At 3 o'clock p. m. we move forward on Hood's center under a heavy fire of his artillery. We charge and break his line, routing them, they giving way and retreating to the Franklin pike, where they have taken cover of a stone fence, where they rally and hold their ground until the following morning, the 16th. We charge them in their stronghold between the two stone walls, completely routing them and taking 400 prisoners. Then commenced the running fight, they on the retreat to Franklin, Tenn. Two companies of our regiment, Companies E and H, were sent back to Nashville with the prisoners, where we corralled them in a stone quarry for several days, until the 19th, when we were drowned out by heavy rain that flooded the quarry and we had to move to the Zolicoffer House, a large hotel, which we turned into a prison.

On December 20th, 1864, we are relieved by new troops, 100-day men, and are sent back to our regiment at Eastport, Miss., on the Tennessee River, arriving on the 23d, where we remained for Christmas and until the 2d of January, 1865, awaiting boats of commissary stores.

At Eastport we are put on quarter rations and are compelled to live on parched corn, and even had to steal the corn from the mules when they were fed. The country had been stripped of everything by both armies for two years and there was no forage. On January 1st two boats came up the river with supplies. They were greeted with cheers and were soon unloaded. Many a cracker box was smuggled into camp before they reached the quartermaster's tents.

The 2d of January, 1865, our wagons are loaded and we are on the march to Memphis, Tenn., where we embark for Helena, Arkansas, which we reach on the 17th of February. We remain at Helena until the 1st of March, 1865, when we again embark on boats for New Orleans. We arrive on the 10th, and go into camp at Chalamet, the old Jackson battle-ground of 1815. We are flooded out that night by a break of the levee, and on the 11th we march through the city to Lake Ponchartrain, where we embarked on boats for Dolphin Island. The lake is very rough and our boats are beached and we have to wade out through the water breast deep, the swells washing over us. We

march down the coast some distance to where the boats can make a landing.

We are camped in a cypress swamp over night, re-embarking the 12th, reaching Dolphin Island the 14th; disembark under fire of a rebel fort on the east side of Mobile Bay.

Dolphin Island is midway between the mainland of the east and west sides of the bay at the entrance, and is a barren sandbar in the mouth of the bay. Here we are camped until the 20th, the rebel batteries shelling us from the mainland on both sides of the bay. When the tides are out we wade out to oyster beds and gather oysters.

On the 20th we embark and sail east to the mouth of Black River, near the Florida shores, go up the river 40 miles, where we disembark and march through a dense pine forest to the rear of Spanish Fort, opposite Mobile, forming a line around the fort the 27th and engaging the enemy. On the 28th the rebel gunboats got range of our lines and sent in shell thick and destructive, one shell killing nine men in Company B.

We moved our camp out of their range. In this camp Aide Swift was shot through the neck and was taken off the field, supposed to be dead, but revived when prepared for burial and was taken to the hospital. He recovered, returning to the company at Vicksburg the day we were mustered out of the service, a much alive boy and a great surprise to his brother, Captain P. H. Swift, as well as the entire company. His wound was a source of great benefit to him, as he was relieved of an impediment of speech, stuttering, of which he was entirely cured.

We besieged the fort until the 8th of April, when we made a charge at midnight into their works, to find it evacuated except for a small line of pickets, whom we took prisoners. Fort Blackly, a twin fort 4 miles up the bay, was also taken the same night.

The 10th of April Mobile surrendered and our fleet ran the blockade and chased Admiral Sims up the Tombigby River, where they had destroyed their fleet and taken to the woods. The 12th of April there was great rejoicing in our camp, as we had just heard of the capture of Richmond and Petersburg, Lee and Johnson on the run, with Grant in hot pursuit. It was with cheerful hearts and buoyant spirits we received orders on parade the evening of the 12th to be ready to march in the morning on to Montgomery, Alabama.

The morning of the 13th of April, 1865, we were on the march to Montgomery, Alabama. Our route was through heavy pine forests for two days, when we entered an open farming country rich with forage, and we were living on the bounty of the land—watermelon and roasting ears. The third day's march a negro came to my mess and told me of an old planter who had secreted a lot of meats, hams and bacon,

in his cornfield. Freeman and I, accompanied by the negro, went in search of the meat, which we found buried in the cornfield between the rows. They had dug a pit about twelve feet long and two feet wide and cased with boards three feet deep, which was filled with fine hams and side meat, packed in ashes and straw, covered with boards and earth, which they had cultivated over in plowing the corn. We were afraid that it might spoil if left there, so we helped ourselves to as much as we could carry and hurried back to camp, and others of the boys were soon on our trail and the box was soon empty.

On the 16th of April we met some paroled prisoners on their way home, who gave us the first news of General Lee's surrender to General Grant. The air was rent with cheers, hats were thrown up, with a shout from every throat, and our band strikes up with "Home, Sweet Home," and "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

The following day we entered the small town of Enterprise, where we captured a printing office that had one side of a four-column four-page folder printed with rebel news and the news of Abraham Lincoln's assassination. This was very sad news to us and we could hardly believe it to be true until it was confirmed by our own papers a few days later, when we arrived at Montgomery on the 23d of April.

ODE ON THE DEATH OF LINCOLN.

What means that solemn dirge I hear?
What means those mournful sounds?
Why toll the bells the awful knell of fate?
Ah! why those sighs that do my fancy sate?

Where'er I turn the general gloom appears;
Those mournful badges fill my soul with tears.
Hark!—yonder rueful noise!—'tis done! 'tis done!—
The silent tomb enshrouds our Lincoln!

Must virtues exalted, yield their breath?
Must bright perfection find relief in death?
Must mortal greatness fall!—a glorious name!—
By the vile assassin's treacherous hand?

The august chief, the father and the friend,—
The generous patriot—the humane man;
The People's glory, America's pride,
There lies enshrin'd our immortalized Lincoln!

We remained at Montgomery awaiting our transports with commissary supplies. We found the place evacuated and a general gloom over the citizens. We found a large quantity of Confederate paper

money at the court-house there—"A promise to pay after the ratification of a treaty of peace"—which the boys used to gamble with, and the stakes were often up into the thousands.

On the 30th our fleet arrived and to us were issued new clothes, rations and ammunition, and we were ordered to be ready to march the morning of the 1st of May to Tuskegee, Alabama, 40 miles southwest of Montgomery on the Tombigby River, where we arrived the evening of the third. At Tuskegee we enter into provost duty of the city and patrolled the country to quiet disturbances between the planters and the negroes, a duty of reconstruction between the planter and their former slaves. I was sent out the first week 12 miles from the city on a duty of straightening out a difficulty with the negroes. They entertained the idea that they were to possess the lands of their former master and were about to dispossess him, and when I attempted to reason with them they accused me of being an imposter and not "Massa Lincoln man", as they termed it, and I had to resort to my rifle for protection and arrest the leader and take him to headquarters. We had daily calls to quiet such troubles while we remained at Tuskegee We remained at Tuskegee, Alabama, doing provost duty the remainder of our service. We had gained the good will of the citizens and were treated cordially by them.

There were a great many of the Confederate soldiers returning to their homes there and they were very friendly and glad that the cruel war was over. We had organized an opera club, which was made up of both sides, Yank and Reb, and had plays every week. A great many of our boys were smitten by the Southern belles and I feared they would forget the girls they left behind in old Wisconsin.

Time passed on, gay and festive, with social parties at the residences nearly every day while we remained at Tuskegee. We carried no arms, except when on duty, and there was no sign of military strife. The Blue and the Gray were mingled as one common brotherhood with a congenial, friendly spirit.

The morning of the 23d of July, 1865, we received orders to march to Montgomery to embark for Vicksburg, where we arrived the 31st. We entered camp in the city, turned over our arms and were mustered out of the service on the 9th day of August, 1865. We were paid and embarked for "Home, Sweet Home," on boat to Cairo, by rail from Cairo to Madison, Wis., where we arrived the 16th of August and were disbanded to go at will to our several homes.

At Madison we were greeted by parents, wives and sweethearts with a joyous greeting, mingled with tears of joy and happiness. But there were also sad recollections brought vividly to mind. There were mothers draped with mourning also there to meet us, broken down with grief, with the question unspoken, "Where is my boy?" "Where did you leave my boy?"

There had many a poor boy been left on a southern field, with mothers mourning their demise, and the question was hard to answer and brought forth many a sympathetic tear from those who were fortunate to return uninjured. Brother Hiram and I reached home the evening of the 17th of August and took our parents completely by surprise, as we had not written them any news of our coming, and we preceded the published news, as our regiment had reached Madison without forewarning the state of our coming.

Joyous was our meeting and many a fond embrace by mother, overjoyed by the safe return of her two boys. There was also a brother and three sisters there to welcome us home and admire our bright blue uniforms and brass buttons. Emma, a little tot of two years, was most especially pleased with the bright brass buttons, and many an amusing question was asked. That evening the whole family knelt around the family altar, father, mother, three brothers and three sisters, overjoyed with thanksgiving to the Supreme Creator who had spared us all to meet again.

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty nation turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons.

W. H. Thompson.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

Composed by A. J. Robinson, Nov. 21, 1909, Portland, Oregon.

Unfurl our banner, keep it waving,
Ever keep it proudly waving,
For our forefathers truly saved it
From the trample of the foe.
Ever keep it floating proudly
Before the nations of the world,
For it was our forefathers' symbol
That made old England tremble
In the days of seventy-six.

Unfurl our banner, keep it waving
Over the land that gave it birth.
Let no nation dare assail it.
From the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast,
In the days so dark and gloomy,
We marched forth six hundred thousand
To protect and save its honor
From the thraldom of its foe,
Guard and protect its freedom evermore.

Unfurl our banner, keep it waving,
Keep it proudly to the breeze;
Let it float from every flagstaff,
Let it float from every dome;
Throughout our broad expanse of country
Let "Old Glory" proudly wave.
We the boys of the past sixties
Gallantly protected it through the past;
Let no traitor dare insult its folds.

Unfurl our banner, keep it waving,
Freedom and right shall ever rule.
We are now one united people,
No despot dare tread on our shores.
The example at Havana harbor,
By the treachery of Old Spain,
When she sank our ship in slumber,
On a peaceful mission sent.
Americans never forget the Maine.

Unfurl our banner, keep it waving;
Now, it's up to you, young men,
To protect and shield its glory
Through the strife of coming years.
Let no despot dare insult it
Throughout our country's broad domain.
Keep a watchful vigilance o'er it;
Shield and protect o'er sea and land;
We now pass it to your strong arms.

THE CONFEDERATE FLAG.

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
  Furl it, fold it,—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
  Furl it, hide it,—let it rest!
Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its shaft and shattered,
And the valiant foes are scattered,
  Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
  Now must furl it with a sigh!
Furl that Banner—furl it sadly;
Once ten thousand hailed it gladly;
And ten thousand wildly, madly,
  Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foemen's swords could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
And that flag should float forever
  O'er their freedom or their grave!
Furl it! For the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
  Cold and dead are lying low;
And the Banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds are wailing
  Of its people in their woe;
For though conquered they adore it,
Love the cold dead hands that bore it,

Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And oh, wildly they deplore it,
  Now to furl and fold it so!
Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
  Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
  Furl its folds though now we must!
Furl that Banner, softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy
  For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there furled forever—
  For its people's hopes are fled.

—FATHER RIAN.

AUG 30 1912

JACOB SNYDER, THE TRAMP.

By A. J. Robinson, Co. E, 33d Wis. Vol. Inf.

Mine name vos Jacob Snyder,
By eighteen sixty-two,
Und I goes und fight mit A. J. Smith
So good as I can do.
I lifed by der Visconsin state,
Vere grows der Milwaukee beer,
Und wood makes full timber trees,
Und bears und porky-pine and deer;
Dere's huckleberry bushes, too.
Und schnow most all der year.
Ven dose gruel war vos ober
By eighteen sixty-five,
I scoots me off mit Texas stade,
Und makes me much to thrive;
I gives dose peoples somedings else,
As vot dey gets pefore.
I sells them medisons and drugs,
Und paints, und glue, und hellebore;
Und prints von leedle newspaper,
Pesides dot doctor store.
Und now I goes me all about,
Comes eighteen ninety-one.
I climbs dese Rocky Mountains
Und sees me Voshington;
I goes me Callervorny bye
Und opp dose Oregon.
I meets much peoples everywhere
So far I goes those roads along—
Blendy Chickens, Rabbits, Ducks,
Und Fishes all er along.
Und now bes I must ouscospled
Comes nineteen hundred and eight.
I scoots me oud der Eastern stades—
Mine old Visconsin home,
Und visits mit mine kinderfolks,
Und stay mit dem der vinter.
I visits mit der peoples roundt,
Und have much fun mit kinder,
Und travels all der country roundt,
Und sells mine leedle book.

The Drummer Boy's Dream.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 013 763 195 7

Our Motto:

"One Flag, One Country and One People"

Oh! Long may she wave
Over the home of the brave,
  Over land, and sea, and ocean;
And with honor rare
She is received everywhere,
  By every land and nation.

Arthur J. Robinson, Private Company E, 33d Wisc. Vol. Infantry